

THE SNOW BIRD.

(*Frangilla hyemalis.*)

BY P. B. WEST.

Meek dwellers of a northern clime
Frangilla—gray in summer time,
Changed in your plumage, when the cold
Fierce winds of winter come, and fold
You in its heaps of drifting snow,
Your cast, like shadows come and go,
But ever welcome you shall be,
While roving o'er the midlands free,
Tho' scavengers in time of need,
That glean the remnant wasting seed,
Oft forage where the evergreen,
Has sheltered with its ample screen,
The *winter clover*, *hermit flower*,
That grace the lone sequestered bower,
Oft shelter find beneath the hedge,
And covert seek midst branching sedge,
To marshy pool, should thirst compel
You fly, or in secluded dell
Await the calm, when raging storm
Without assails in varied form:
Bleak winds, and snow, and driving sleet,
Dread winter's imagery complete:
Russet as autumn, so wast thou
In autumn time, but thou art now,
Snow clad as highest alpine crest,
But warm the life blood in your breast,
Arrayed in winter vestments, bold,
Precursor of the storm—and cold,
Remind us that we should with care,
For changing seasons first prepare.